

THE GLOBE REPUBLICAN.

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DODGE CITY, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It was a Kansas man who caught Fraker.

Topeka had a duck race, labor day for the entertainment of the small boy.

A jointist at Weir City was fined \$1,600 and sentenced to 480 days in jail.

Abilene will soon want another grand jury; the last one only cost her \$1,000.

A Butler county contractor will ship 14,000 feet of Walnut timber to Russia.

As usual, Kansas leads. The largest apple orchard, 1,537 acres, is located at Fairmount.

Atchison claims a girl who wears a No. 23 shoe. That is a pretty fair understanding.

Lawrence has a citizen named Henry Clay—but he doesn't claim to be a Kentuckian.

Fine seedling peaches sell in Chanute for twenty cents a bushel. There are no middle men in Chanute.

Every health resort has some drawback or other. Mountain fever occasionally takes hold in Garden City.

Prof. Draper says that the descendants of a single pair of wasps may number as high as 30,000 in one season.

The Short Creek mines last week yielded 1,110 tons of zinc ore and 810,000 pounds of lead ore. Total value, \$38,000.

Boston robbed the Kansas Sir Knights of \$2,000 for rooms for headquarters for four days. That was the way Boston took to make them astute.

The Wesleyan Methodist yearly conference which was held at Topeka closed Sunday evening. Twenty-eight delegates, consisting of elders and laymen, from different portions of the state were present.

President Jamison, of the Kansas real estate association, says that there is now no doubt but that a Kansas million club will be organized in September, the object being to secure one million more people to settle in Kansas.

During the severe thunderstorm Wednesday night, lightning struck and badly damaged the new school house at Cherokee. A big hole was torn in the roof and the structure is otherwise damaged. The building was built to replace one burned last winter. This is the fifth time the ill-fated building has caught fire.

There has been plenty of rain all over Kansas and for the first time in years stock water is plenty. Threshing and plowing is delayed by wet weather. It has been a fine growing week in the middle division and nearly all the counties report good progress, including those which have been suffering from dry weather, while plowing for wheat is being vigorously pushed.

There is no use trying to outdo Kansas. An article recounting how a man who was divorced in Dakota was remarried in just eight hours, brought out the facts about a man securing a divorce at Fort Scott, before Judge French, at 11 o'clock in the morning and was remarried before two that afternoon. Dakota will have to do without the belt, as well as others in which Kansas may take any interest.

Miss Nana Medill of Leavenworth, commenced suit Thursday to break the will of her father, James Medill, who died last July leaving an estate of \$200,000. The will was probated at the time by Sherman Medill, a son, who was made executor. Miss Medill claims that her father was unduly influenced in making the will, which discriminated against her, and she asks for one-third of the property.

The annual convention of the prison congress will meet in Denver the 14th instant. The men who will represent Kansas, by appointment of Governor Morrill, are: J. B. Lynch, warden of the state penitentiary; J. C. O. Morse, warden of the reformatory at Hutchinson; Superintendent C. E. Faulkner, of the Soldiers' Orphans' home, at Atchison; Hon. W. C. Jones, of Iola, and Hon. John D. Milliken, of McPherson.

Judge James G. Strong, formerly well known in political and railroad circles, died at Blue Rapids on September 4th. He was born in Boone county, Indiana; located in Dwight, Ill., in 1859, and was later sent to the Illinois Senate. In 1870 he introduced the first bill for the appointment of a Board of Railroad Commissioners to regulate fares and freight charges. He was at one time secretary and treasurer of the Plymouth, Kankakee & Pacific railroad company. He was a prominent Mason. His remains were taken to Morris, Ill., for burial.

Atchison is getting up a big corn carnival. Old Dame Nature is in the corn carnival business this year and Atchison will not stand much show.

Kansas always raises a good wheat crop after a good corn crop and next year we will raise 70,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The World declares that Kansas City was bunched out of \$300,000 in the sale of her water bonds.

Out in Finney county, when the ground gets a little dry the farmers open a watermelon.

Topeka is having a row over the change in school books.

Dr. McLellan, who has been known to go home to dinner bareheaded, says Sol Miller is absent-minded.

A car loaded with 50,000 chickens, valued at \$1,400 was shipped from Clay Center to San Francisco recently.

The Morrill News says the estimate of the Kansas corn crop is 4 million bushels, but admits that estimates are sometimes a little "flighty."

The Rev. T. P. Jolly is the most austere clergyman in Reno county. It is said that he would not know a joke if he were to meet it in the big road.

The Missouri Pacific on Wednesday hauled out of the Central Branch country for one firm forty-eight cars of corn, or 1,920,000 pounds. The firm was three days loading it. It was corn the farmers had held in store from the crops of 1893 and 1894.

Governor Morrill has gone to his home at Hiawatha for a few days rest. The governor's trouble which kept him from speaking at Kansas City on Labor day, and confined him to his bed while at the State encampment is chronic. His health demands that he take the very best care of himself.

There is a rumor that the woolen mill is to be bought by a company which has been quietly organized in Topeka, and who will put in machinery and operate it as a woolen mill. The mill building is advertised to be sold next Monday, and it is said that the company will buy it if possible.

The Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company and the Western Electrical Company of Chicago on Monday instituted proceedings against the Anthony Telephone Company of Cincinnati, O., and the People's Telephone Company of Leavenworth to recover heavy damages for infringement on four separate patents.

Don't talk about your apple trees blooming twice in a season any more this season. A Summer county man says that he has an apple tree in his yard which is now in bloom for the sixth time this season. He also says the tree has yielded one full crop of this year and the prospects seem to be good for another.

Mayor Fellows of Topeka was in Chicago recently laboring in the interest of the deep harbor conference to be held at Topeka, Oct. 1, 2 and 3. The conference was called by Gov. Morrill of Kansas at the request of Gov. Culbertson of Texas. All of the states and territories west of the Mississippi have been invited to send delegates.

Judge Foster allowed a writ of error in the case of Josey Wallace, sentenced to be hung in Fort Scott September 27 for the murder of his father-in-law, Alexander Sears, in the Nation, and ordered the hanging deferred until the case can be heard in the United States supreme court. It is thought this will give Wallace a lease of life of one year. He is in the Federal prison at Leavenworth.

Marysville had a fearful rainstorm Saturday. The floods tore up the streets, sidewalks and railway tracks and flooded nearly every basement in the city. The citizens were very much alarmed lest many of the largest and best buildings would tumble down. An excursion to Fort Riley next morning had to be declared off on account of the numerous washouts in the neighborhood.

J. H. Carney and son, with their outfit, pulled in Saturday from Baxter Springs with 369 head of 2, 3, and 4-year-old steers now grazing in the pasture. H. O. Lyster's cattle were shipped home two weeks ago, to be put on feed, to be marketed on or before the holidays. Two hundred of them are 1,200 pound cattle now, the other 199 weighing 1,030—natives of course. Mr. Carney has a big steam power feed cutter, with a gasoline engine for power and will soon have an apparatus at work that will be worth the while of the people to see in operation.

The county seat of Reno county has abandoned her street railway.

Perry McNeal, charged with violating the prohibitory law, and Jap M. Apple, and Charles McDonald, charged with highway robbery, broke jail in Lynn county county's seat Thursday night. They sawed off a steel bar, letting them into the corridor and when Deputy Sheriff Thurman appeared they overpowered him, took the keys away from him and locked him in one of the cells. A reward has been offered for the recapture of the escaped prisoners.

Mr. T. W. Eckert, one of the directors of the penitentiary, who was in Topeka Wednesday on his way to Lansing, to attend a meeting of the directors, had in his grip a large flag which was purchased by Mrs. Eckert, and will be placed over the penitentiary building Saturday. There has not been a flag over the penitentiary building for two years, and a number of old soldiers who were recently appointed guards have been asking for a flag. Mrs. Eckert heard about the flag story and she purchased the flag which will float over the penitentiary buildings.

A colored man driving a young bull hitched to a road cart, attracted more attention than anybody in Topeka, labor day.

The Missouri Pacific paid Ringling Bros., \$12,000 for damages sustained by their circus property in a wreck near Concordia in 1892.

A Topeka reformer, getting into trouble, had his choice of the asylum for the insane or the penitentiary and chose the latter. Evidently he had heard of the dangers that beset an insane patient in Kansas.

F. D. Coburn, Secretary Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

There are reports of more or less "hog cholera" in various parts of the State and it is not improbable that many well-meaning citizens through ignorance of the law and the ease with which the disease is spread are unwittingly aiding in the destruction of thousands of swine which, with strong prices, her present shortage and tremendous corn crop Kansas at this time can ill afford to lose. It is conceded that the contagion from "cholera" hogs and their dead carcasses is carried from place to place by dogs, wolves, crows, buzzards, running water and various other agencies, including the clothing of those who come in contact with them, and this fact emphasizes the necessity of promptly isolating ailing animals and deeply burying or burning the dead, even though there was no law making it mandatory.

Section 1, chapter 157, session laws of 1886, makes it the duty of every person who owns or controls any hog dead of any disease to burn or bury it within 24 hours after death and failure to do so is a misdemeanor, subject to a fine not exceeding \$100. A like penalty applies to selling or bartering any hog which has died of disease. The same punishment is provided for persons depositing any dead hog in any river, stream, creek or ravine.

Section 1, of chapter 158 is ignored by or unknown to many, but is important. It says:

Section 1.—Any person being the owner of any domestic animal or animals, or having the same in charge, who shall turn out or suffer any such domestic animal or animals having any contagious or infectious disease, knowing the same to be diseased, to run at large upon any uninclosed land common or highway, or shall let the same approach within one hundred feet of any highway, or shall sell or dispose of any domestic animal or animals, knowing the same to be so diseased, without fully disclosing the fact to the purchaser, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine in any amount not exceeding five hundred dollars; or imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months.

The practice of throwing dead animals into ravines, creeks and rivers from which freshets may carry them long distances to spread poison and pollution, is especially common and cannot be too severely deprecated. Burial at once not less than three feet deep is the safest and most practicable way to dispose of them.

Willard S. Allen, son of A. F. Allen of Vinland, was killed Thursday by falling off a haystack.

A town in Osborne county has been named after Joe Bristow and its leading citizen is Mr. Fifer, who fies all about and keeps the people stirred up.

West Branch creek, a stream that had its own way back as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs has been causing the Rock Island trouble in Waubesa county all summer and last week it washed out everything in the valley.

The \$20,000 damage suit which Bernard Murray of Colorado brought against ex-Congressman W. A. Harris of Linwood for alienating the affections of the former's wife has been settled by the payment to Mr. Murray of \$1,000 and the assumption by Harris of all attorney fees. Mr. Harris was very attentive to Mrs. Murray and when his wife died a year ago, he married Mrs. Murray, the latter having secured a divorce in the meantime.

Some weeks ago the agent of the Santa Fe at Barnard telegraphed to Avery Turner, the division superintendent, that it was raining hard and already a half dozen bridges had been washed out. He could not stop the rain, but he thought he must tell his grief to somebody, and a great load was lifted off his mind when a dispatch came from Mr. Turner saying: "Let it rain. Every drop means an ear of corn and the company will be well able to restore the bridges."

The school book fight in Topeka is between the George W. Crane company and the American Book Publishing company of Chicago.

A colored boy at Lawrence has been making considerable money out of a good-natured butcher. The meat vender has a chicken pen in the rear of his business house and the black lad has been selling the butcher his own chickens, repeating the operation many times. Finally the butcher discovered the game and had young Sambo arrested.

The monthly weather report of Chancellor Snow of the Kansas university for August issued September 2nd says the month has been remarkable for the large amount of rain that has fallen. The total amount was 12.3 inches or over 8 inches above the average for August for twenty-eight years. The rainfall for the eight months of 1892 is over 12 inches above the average for the record kept for the last twenty-eight years. The month was also remarkable for its coolness, the mercury reaching 90 degrees on only five days.

Lawrence is top-dressing her macadamized streets with slag from the Argentine Smelters.

Judge G. W. DeCamp of Lyons county has a cattle ranch of 7,000 acres and has 1,500 acres of it in corn that will yield this year 90,000 bushels. The Judge is 73 years old and began life as a lawyer.

Lieutenant Governor James A. Troutman has been invited by the real estate association to accompany the train of Kansas products which is to be taken through the east, and make speeches.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE RENANS LIVED FOR ONE ANOTHER.

Henriette's Sacrifices for Her Brother's Education—The "Life of Jesus" Due to Her Devotion—Newly Published Account of Their Life and Work.

(Paris Correspondence.)

N 1883, IN THE preface to his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," Ernest Renan spoke thus: "The person who had the greatest influence on my life—I mean my sister Henriette—has almost no place in this book. In September, 1862, a year after the death of that precious friend, I wrote for the few persons who had known her a little book sacred to her memory. Only a hundred copies were printed. My sister was so modest, she had such aversion to the noise of the world, that I should have thought I saw her reproaching me from her tomb if I had given those pages to the public. At times I have had the thought of joining them to this volume. Then it seemed to me that there would be a kind of profanation in that. The little book about my sister was read with sympathy by a few persons who had kindly feelings toward her and toward me. I must not expose a memory that is holy to me to the rough criticisms which form part of the rights a man acquires over a book when he buys it. It seemed to me that in inserting these pages on my sister in a volume offered for sale I should be acting as badly as if I exposed her portrait for sale in an auction room. The book will, therefore, not be reprinted till after I am dead. Perhaps, then, there may be added to it a few letters from my friend which I shall select myself."

In a codicil to his will, dated Nov. 4, 1888, Renan wrote: "My wife will de-

lous thoughts and gloomy forebodings." One day the ship commanded by Renan's father came home without its captain. No one ever knew whether it was suicide or accident. The sea gave up the body. "It was buried in the sands, where twice a day the waves come to visit it."

"From that moment," says the author of "Ma soeur Henriette," "our condition was poverty." One of Ernest's brothers, his senior by fifteen years, went to Paris to seek his fortune, while Henriette, only 17 years old, undertook to bring up her little five-year-old brother, gave lessons, and provided with difficulty for the necessities of life. A suitor presented himself, but she refused to marry, considering herself bound to look after her younger brother. At last she left home, going to Paris in the hope of earning more money, and in 1838 called Ernest Renan to her and made him enter the little seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, directed then by M. Dupanloup, later the celebrated Bishop of Orleans.

But another separation was to occur: Mlle. Renan, wishing to pay in full debts left by the disastrous speculations of her father, accepted a place as governess in the family of the Count Zamoyski, a rich Polish family, whose home was the castle of Clemensow in Austria. It was during this absence that the religious crisis came to a head in Renan's mind, that led to his giving up the priest's career. His sister had been led by the absolute sincerity of her convictions into a similar condition of mind. "When I told her of the doubt that tortured me and made it my duty to abandon a career where absolute faith is necessary," writes Renan, "she was delighted, and offered to help me in this difficult transition." But first he must assure his material existence. He entered a boarding school where he obtained food and lodging for his services. Mlle. Renan added to this 1,200 francs, all her savings. "Those 1,200 francs were the cornerstone of my life. I never used them all, but they gave me the tranquility of mind necessary for me to think at my ease, and saved me from overburdening



RENAN'S QUARTERS IN SYRIA (Where Henriette Renan Died.)

cide in what form my little volume of recollections of my sister, Henriette, shall be made public." Death having prevented Mlle. Renan from carrying out her husband's wishes, it is M. Ary Renan, his son, the well-known painter, who has attended to them, and has in consequence brought out a new edition of "Ma soeur Henriette." The book, published by Calmann Levy, is charming, simply and gracefully gotten up, as should be a monument erected to a beloved memory. It is adorned with many designs by Ary Renan and Henry Scheffer, brother of Mlle. Renan, and of Ary Scheffer, the painter, and by portraits of Ernest Renan, when a young man, and of Henriette Renan. The pictures represent the house in which Renan was born at Treguier; the cloister and cathedral of Treguier, under whose shadow the future author of the "Vie de Jesus" was brought up, and the house at Amschit in Syria, in which Renan and his sister lived so long during the period of the mission given him by Napoleon III., where Mlle. Renan died of fever.

Renan's father was a sailor. He was drawn into large speculations. Not at all fitted for business, simple and uncalculating, constantly checked by that timidity which makes of a sailor a veritable child in practical life, he saw his

myself with hack work that would have stifled me."

The year 1850 was at last to reunite brother and sister. Then began in that house, No. 7 in the Rue du Val de Grace, retired and quiet, a life of common work. Mlle. Renan had acquired a very fine education, to which her brother devotes pages in which he shows treasures of affectionate emotion. "Our solitude was absolute. She had no acquaintances and did not try to make any. Our windows opened on the garden of the Carmelites of the Rue d'Enfer. The life of those recluses, during the long hours I spent at the library, in a way regulated hers and was her only amusement. Our views on God and the world were in general identical. There was no shade, however delicate, in the theories I was then forming that she did not understand. On many points of modern history which she had studied in the sources she was ahead of me. The general plan of my career, the design to be inflexibly sincere, that I was forming was so much the combined product of our two consciences that had I been tempted to prove false to it she would have been near me, like another part of myself, to recall me to my duty. Her share in the direction of my ideas was thus very extensive. . . . So we lived for six years, a life of very high and pure thoughts."

It will be easily understood what the fear of the rivalry of another woman's affection must have meant to this loving soul. When Renan came to tell his sister that he was trying to win the hand of Mlle. Cornélie Scheffer, the niece of Ary Scheffer, he was so upset that he would have given up his plans if Mlle. Renan had not succeeded in drawing from her devotion the courage not only to get the better of her feelings, but even to love the woman who was to become her sister.

Intrusted in 1860 with a scientific mission to Phoenicia, Renan took his sister with him. In the course of the journey they both contracted the Syrian fever, with which he was to suffer cruelly and of which Mlle. Henriette Renan was to die in the little village of Amschit. "There she still is," wrote her brother in 1863. "I hesitate to take her away from those beautiful mountains where she spent such pleasant hours, from among the people who loved her, to place her in our gloomy cemetery that filled her with horror. Undoubtedly I desire that some day she shall be near me; but who can tell in what corner of the world he will rest? Let her wait for me under the palm trees of Amschit, in the land of ancient mysteries, near sacred Byblos."

RAYMOND DALY.

Tramp—Please, sir, I haven't eaten anything for three days.
Gentleman—Poor fellow; like myself your lot must be cast in a boarding house.



Gilbert Parker recently encountered a Canadian bishop whom he had known in his boyhood. The bishop pompously inquired: "Ah, Gilbert and are you still writing your—ah—little books?" Mr. Parker promptly answered: "Yes, bishop. And are you still preaching your—ah—little sermons?"

Dean Hole tells of an old-fashioned cathedral verger. "Lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services at this cathedral are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon, and we don't have any fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was once at a reception, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John; "in some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say, "Carry me home; carry me home;" and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

Suzanne Lazier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Tallade, the original Pierre of "The Two Orphans," and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but, although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery: "Take what you can and come back for the rest."

The lectures of a certain Oxford tutor were once reported to be "cut and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J. Smith, the witty mathematician, "dried by the tutor and cut by the men." A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner table as to the comparative prestige of bishops and judges. The argument, as might be expected at a party of laymen, went in favor of the latter. "No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge can only say, 'Hang you,' but a bishop can say 'D—n you.'" Speaking of an eminent scientific man, to whom he gave considerable praise, he said: "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor, and not the author of Nature."

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or uplifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an immeasurable burden and, rising to his full height, he seemed to throw it from him, crying: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him, when the service was over: "Well, what do you think of the doctor's elocution?" "Elocution?" said he; "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

The Scotch Arch bishop Foreman (in the sixteenth century) was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome, he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the pope's table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Dominus," but they replying "Deus" (Italian fashion) so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully-learned phrases, and, in good, broad Scotch, said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," to which devout aspiration pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) piously replied, "Amen."

Mrs. B— is one of those good-natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day, says the Washington Post, when a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Mrs. B—, whose husband is a director of the road, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train, who passed through the waiting room just then. Mrs. B— called to him. "Conductor," she said, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible." The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away, Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B— with a sickly smile. "I did intend to go to Pittsburgh to-day, and I was in an awful hurry, but on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train." And he handed the kind-hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.